

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Animal Rap"
(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Kool G.:]

You know the Don's armed with sixteen
And I do harm for this big cream, the whips and the carriage
Ball like the Knicks and the Mavericks, slipping the fabrics
Pull up wit some big shit, lieutenant shit, hitting the hazards
Spot a bitch wit that Cris habit, gotta have it
Fuck shorty and send her OT wit a brick in her baggage
Roll where the clubs at slip for the rabbit
Trick only lick dick status to get cabbage
She get lathered to the dick baptist
Who back on the map? Giancana wit a vengeance
It's drama to the finish, put the Llama to your appendix
And squeezing the slugs, gun powder season your blood
I'm a legend breathing, the reason you thug (nigga)
This where the buck stops, fuck props
Buck shots at the top money, what the fuck you forgot?
Thought I was done and wasn't touching the block?
Still real, busting the Glock
Put up and you can see it (blaow) what up now?

"I'll exile barbarian style like an executor"
Wanna test Vinnie Paz man (Jedi Mind Tricks)
Enforce the moves on fools
[?] I'm invincible

[Mike Tyson:]

Everybody talks and they like I'm losing my head, I'm losing confidence and that I'm talking loud and vulgar
I'm talking vulgar because I'm angry at what I've experienced all my years through this and I'm just angry!
Everyone else has the right to be angry too but that's just how I express myself

[Vinnie Paz:]

Yo, bust a motherfucking gat to this
Y'all believe lies like y'all was Catholics
I rap in Arabic, so my message is just immaculate
My rap elaborate, drink a forty and blaze a sack to it
My aim is accurate, take your brain and blow out the back of it
I'm salty, miserable cat that slap shorties
Looks kinda resemble that, a fat Pauly
I don't even clap, young boy, he claps for me
Chain hang down to my dick, I'm that gaudy
I don't even fuck wit you cats, you rap poorly
I don't even buck at you cats, you that corny
Wit a wack army, we barkin' at you
And Vinnie Paz holds a hammer like a carpenter do
You should understand that I ain't really fuckin' around
And if you don't, you gonna find your body stuffed in the ground
We buckin' em down, cuz that's how wrong my life is
Y'all don't overstand how fuckin' strong my wife is
I'm from a time where every song was righteous
Before rap was just a swarm of white kids
And y'all a witness to the dawn of hypeness
Or just another victim to the pawns and sheisters
I'll feed your corpse to a swarm of vipers

Let em suck the blood till your form is lifeless
What! Fuckin' Vinnie Paz daddy! Jedi Mind Tricks! (Yeah!)

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